
Coastlines

Puddles of Malcontent (A poem by Gary Len Weatherly)

Tears stream down mixing with rain
Cold and lonely, opened to pain
My soul lay bare and my resolve is spent
As I sink in the puddles of malcontent

Fighting a battle I cannot win
Rain and tears run down my skin
My once proud form now is bent
As I kneel in the puddles of malcontent

To give up hope is to slowly die
But my heart is dark, so too the sky
I fear my time has been wastefully spent
As I drop in the puddles of malcontent

I pray for wisdom to see me through
For skies and eyes of truest blue
The key to my happiness, the answer sent
My reflection in the puddles of malcontent

Through all the rain and through the haze
I see myself in better days
Long have I sought love wherever it went
Now I rise from the puddles of malcontent

Rather we are together or even apart
I am the captain of my own heart
So when the sun shines, I will not lament
For the drying of puddles of malcontent